



**HISTORIE OF A
NOBLE AND VALIANT
SQVYER VVILLIAM MELDRVM, VM-**

*quhile Laird of Cleish and Binnes. Compy-
led be Sir David Lindesay of the Monnt,
alias, Lyon King of Armes.*

The Testament of the said William

*Meldrum Squyer. Compyled als wa be
Sir David Lindesay, &c.*

Cicero. Philip. 14.

*Tropius sapiens est gratia bonorum virtutum memoria
prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt.*

Ovid. 2. Fast.

Et memorem famam qui bene gessis habet.



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THE HISTORIE OF A NOBLE AND VALIANT

Squier *William Malaram*, vniquihle Laird
of *Gleish and Binnes*. Compyled by Sir

David Lindeſay of the Mount Knight
alias, Lyon King of Armes,



Who that antique ſtozies reads
Coſider may the famous deedz
Of our noble Progenitours,
Whilk ſould to vs bene richt
mirours:

Their verteous deedz to enſers
And vicious liuing to eſſew.
Sic men bene put in memorie,
That death ſould not confound their glozie.
Howbeit their bodiez was abſent,
Their verteous deedz bene preſent,
Poets their honour to aduance,
Hes put them in remembrance.
Some wypte of preclare Conquerours,
And ſome of valiانت Emperours:
And ſome of noble mightie Kings,
That royallie did rule their Kings.
And ſome of Champions and of Knichtz,
That bauldie did defend their richtz.
Whilk valiantlie did ſtand in ſtour,
For the defence of their honour.
And ſome of Squyers dwichtie deedz,
That wondrously wrocht into their weeldz.
Some wypte of deedz amozous,
As Chaucer wrote of Troilus:
How that he loued Creſſida,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Of Jason and of Medea:
With helpe of Cleo I intend,
Sa Minerue wald me sapience send:
One noble Squyer to discerne,
Whos doughtines during his liue.
I knowe my selfe, thereof I wyte,
And all his deeds I dar indyte:
And secreets that I did not know,
That noble Squyer did me shaw.
Sa I intend the best I can,
Discerne the deeds and the man,
Whos youth did occupy in loue,
Full pleasantlie without reprove,
Whilk did as many doughtie deeds,
As many ane, as men of erads:
Whilk Doets puts in memorie,
For the exalting of their glorie.
Wherfore I thinke as God me saue,
He could haue place amonst the laue:
That his hie honour could not smure,
Considering what he did indure,
On times for his Ladies sake,
I wait sir Lancelot whilk,
When he did loue King Arthures wife,
Fought neuer better with sword nor kniue,
For his Ladie in no battell,
Nor had not halfe so iust querell.
The veritie quha list declare,
His Loue was ane adulterare.
And durst not come into her sight,
But like ane howlat on the night.
With this Squyer it stude nor so,
His Ladie loued him and no mo.
Husband nor Leman had she none,
And so he had her loue allone.

I think

The Squyer of the Binnes.

I thinke it is no happie life,
An man to say his masters wiife.
As did Lancelot this I conclude,
Of sic amour could come na gude.
Now to my purpose will I pas,
And shew you how the Squyer was,
The gentle man of Scotland borne,
Sa was his father him befozne.
Of Nobles linallie descended,
Whilks their gude fame hes euer defended.
Gude Williame Meldrum he was named,
Whilk in his honour was neuer defamed.
S: alwart and stout in euery strife,
And borne within the Shire of Fife.
To Cleish and Binnes richt heritour,
Whilk stude for loue in many flour.
He was but tuentie yeares of age,
When he began his vassalage.
Proportionate well of mid stature,
Feirie and wicht, and might indure.
Querset with trauell bath night and day,
Richt hardie both in earnest and play:
Blyth in countenance, richt fair in face,
And stude ay well in his Ladies grace.
For he was wonder amiable,
And in his deeds honourable.
And ay his honour did aduance,
In England first and then in France.
And there his manhood did assaill,
Under the Kings great Admirall,
When the grent schawie of Scotland,
Passed to the sea against England.
And as they passed be Ireland coast,
The Admirall gart land his hoast,
And set Craigfergus into fire,

B 3

The Squyer of the Binnes.

And saued neither barne nor byre.
It was great pitie for to heare,
Of the people the baillfull cheare,
And how the land folke were spulied,
Fair women vnder fute were fuilied.
But this young Squyer bauld and wicht,
Saud all women quhere he might.
All Priests and Friers he did saue,
Till at the last he did perceiue
Behinde ane Garden amiable,
Ane womans voice richt lamintable:
And on that voice he followed fast,
Till he did see her at the last,
Spulied naked as she was boine,
Two men of weir were her before:
Outalk were richt cruell men and kene,
Part and the spulzie them betuene.
Ane fairer woman nor she was,
He had not sene at any place.
Before him on her knees she fell,
Sayand for him that herried hell,
Helpe me sweet sir, I am a Maid,
Then sottle to the men he said,
I pray you giue againe her sark,
And take to you all vther warke:
Her kirtle was of scarlet read,
Of gould ane garland on her head:
Dreored with enamelyne,
Belt and broches of siluer fine.
Of yallow taffitie was her sark,
Begaried all with broudered warke:
Richt craftilie with gould and silke,
Then said the Ladie quhite as milk,
Except my sark nothing I craue,
Let them go hence with all the laue.

Quod

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Quod they to her, be Saint Fillane,
Of this ye get na thing againe.
Then said the Squyer courteouslie,
Gude friends I pray you heartfullie
Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
Restore to her againe her geir:
O be great God that all hes woicht,
That spulzie sall be full deare bocht.
Quod they to him, we thee brfr,
And drew their swordes hastily:
And strake at him with sa great ire,
That from the harness flew the fire:
With dintis sa derstie on him dang,
That he was neuer in sic a thrang:
But he him manfullie defended,
And with ane boult on them he bended,
And hat the ane vpon the head,
That to the ground he fel down dead
For to the teeth he did him cleik,
Let him ly there with ane mischief,
Then with the vther hand for hand,
He beate him with his birnest brand:
The vther was both stout and strang,
And on the Squyer derstie dang.
And then the Squyer woicht great wonder,
Ay till his speir did shake in sander,
Then drew he forth ane sharpe dagger,
And did him cleik be the colar,
And euen in at the colar bane,
At the first straik he hes him slane.
He founded forward to the ground,
Net was the Squyer baill and sound:
For quhy? he was sa weill enarmed,
He did eschape fra them unharmed.
And quhen he saw they were baith slane,

The Squyer of the Binnies.

He to that Ladie past againe,
Wher she stude naked on the bent;
And said, take your abulzement.
And she him thanked full humbillie,
And put her cloathes on spedilie.
Than kissed he that Ladie fair,
And toke his leaue at her but maile.
So that the Taberne and Trumpet blew,
And euerie man to shipburde drew.
That Ladie was dolent in heart,
From time she saw he wald depart:
That her releued of her harmes,
And hant the Squyer in her armes:
And said, will ye bide in this land,
I call you take to my husband.
Thocht I be cassen now in raire,
I am (quod she) my father's heire:
The quhilk may spend of pennies round,
Of pearlie rent ane thousand pound.
With that heartlie she did him kis,
Are ye (said she) content of this?
Of that (quod he) I wald be faine,
Gif I might in this Realme remaine.
But I must first passe into France,
So quhen I come againe perchance.
And after that the peace be made,
To marie you I will be glade.
Fairwell I may no langer tarie,
I pray God keepe you and sweet S. Marie.
Then gaue she him ane loue taking,
Ane rich Rubie set in ane ring.
I am (quod she) at your command,
With you to passe into Scotland.
I thanke you heartfullie (quod he)
Ye are ouer young to sail the sea,

And

The Squyer of the Binnies.

And speciallie with men of weir,
Of that (quod she) take ye na feir.
I call me cleith in mens claires,
And ga with you quhere euer ye plies.
Sould I not loue my paramour,
That saued my life and my honour?
Ladie I say you in certaine,
Ye sall haue loue for loue againe.
Truolie vnto my liues end,
Fairwell, to God I you commend.
With that into his Boat he past,
And to the ship he rowed fast.
They weyed their ankens and made sail,
This Hauie with the Admirall,
And landed into bauld Brytane,
This Admirall was Earle of Arrane.
Quhilk was both wise and baliand,
Of the blude Royall of Scotland.
Accompanied with many ane knight,
Quhilk were richt worthie men and wicht.
Among the saue this young Squyer,
Was with him richt familiar:
And throuch his vertuous diligence,
Of that Lord he got sic credence:
That quhen he did his courage ken,
Gane him cure of fife hundred men:
Quhilk were to him obedient,
Readie at his commandement.
It were too long for to declare,
The doughtie deeds that he did there.
Because he was so couragious,
Ladies of him were amorous.
He was ane Princeon for ane Dame,
Sweke in chalmer like ane Lambe.
But in the field ane Campion,

B

Ramp

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Rampand like ane wyld Lyon:
Well practiked with speir and sheild;
And with the foremost in the field,
No Chistane was amongs them all,
In expenses maie liberal.
In euery play he wan the pyle,
With that he was vertuous and wyse.
And sa because he was well proued,
With euerie man he was well loued.

HARIE the aucht King of England,
That time at Calcis was lyand,
With his triumphand ordnance,
Went and wet on the Realme of France.
The King of France his great armie,
Lay neir hand by in Picardie.
Wher either vther did assaill,
Howbeit there was na set battell.
But their was daily skirmishing,
Wher men of armes brake many a ring.
When to the Squyer Meldrum,
Was tauld thir nouels all and sum:
He thought he wald besie the weires,
And wailed furth ane hundreth speirs:
And fute men quhilk were band and stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.

When he came to the King of France,
He was soone put in ordnance.
Nicht sa was all his companie.
That on him waited continuallie.
There was into the English host,
The Champion that blew great boast:
He was ane stout man and ane strang,
Whilk host wald with his conduct gang:
But thow the great armie of France,

His

The Squyer of the Binnes.

His ballantnes for to aduance.
And master Talbert was his name,
Of Scots and Frenche quhilk spak disdaine.
And on his Bonnet vsed to beir,
Of siluer fine, tokens of weir.
And proclamations he gart make;
That he wald for his Ladies sake,
With any gentle man of France,
To fecht with him with speir or lance.
Bot na French man in all that land,
With him durst battell hand for hand.
Then like ane weirionr balland,
He entered in the Scottes band.
And quhen the Squyer Meldrum,
Heard tell this Champion was cum:
Nicht hostile he past him till,
Demanding him what was his wil
For such I can finde none (quod he)
On horse nor fute dare fecht with me.
Then said he, it were great shame,
Without battell ye sould passe hame.
Therefore to God I make ane vow,
The more my selfe sall fecht with you,
Outher on horseback or on fute,
How crasis I count them not ane cute.
I sall be found into the field,
Armed on horse with speir and shield.
Master Talbert said my gude childe,
It were maist like that thou were wilde:
Thou art sa young, and hes na micht,
To fecht with me that am sa wicht.
To speik to me thou sould haue feir,
For I haue sic practick in weir,
That I walde not effeired bee,
To make debate agains sic thee;

B 2

For

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Rampand like ane wyld Lyon:
Well practiked with speir and sheild;
And with the foymest in the feld,
No Chistane was amongs them all,
In expensses mair liberal.
In euery play he wau the pryse,
With that he was vertuous and wyse.
And sa because he was well proued,
With euerie man he was well loued.

HARIE the aucht King of England,
That time at Calais was lyand,
With his triumphand ordinance,
Wher he was on the Realme of France.
The King of France his great armie,
Lay neir hand by in Picardia.
Wher either vther did assaill,
Howbeit there was na set battell.
But their was daily skirmishing,
Wher men of armes brake many a ring.
Wher to the Squyer Meldrum,
Was tauld thir nouels all and sum:
He thought he wald belie the weires,
And wailed furth ane hundreth speirs:
And fute men quhilk were banld and stout,
The mair worthie of all his rout.

Wher he came to the King of France,
He was soone put in ordinance.
Nicht sa was all his companie,
That on him waited continuallie.
There was into the English hoast,
Ane Champion that blew great boast:
He was ane stout man and ane strang,
Quhilk hoast wald with his conduct gang:
But thow the great armie of France,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

His ballantnes for to aduance.
And master Talbert was his name,
Of Scots and Frenche quhilk spak discorde.
And on his Bonnet used to beir,
Of siluer fine, tokens of weir.
And Proclamatiens he gart make,
That he wald for his Ladies sake,
With any gentle man of France,
To fecht with him with speir or lance.
Bot na French man in all that land,
With him durst battell hand for hand.
Then like ane weirionr balland,
He entered in the Scottes band.
And quhen the Squyer Meldrum,
Heard tell this Champion was cum:
Richt hastily he past him till,
Demanding him what was his wil
For such I can finde none (quod he)
On horse nor fute dare fecht with me.
Then said he, it were great shante,
Without battell ye could passe haime.
Therefore to God I make ane vow,
The moine my selfe sail fecht with you:
Outher on horseback or on fute,
How crakis I count them not ane cute.
I sail be found into the field,
Armed on horse with speir and shield.
Master Talbert said my gude childe,
It were mair like that thou were wilde:
Thou art sa young, and hes na micht,
To fecht with me that am sa wicht.
To speik to me thou could haue feir,
For I haue sic practick in weir,
That I walde not effeired bee,
To make debate aganis sic thee.

The Squyer of the Binnis.

For I haue stand in many stour,
And ay defended my honour.
Therefore my Barne I counsell thee,
Sic interprises to let bee.
Then said the Squyer to the knight,
I grant ye are both great and wicht.
Young David was far les then I,
Quhen he with Goliath manfallie,
Withouthen either speir or shield,
He faucht and slew him in the field.
I traist that God sall be my gyde,
And giue me grace to stanche thy pryde.
Thocht thou be great like Gwo Makmorne,
Traist well I sall you meet the moirne,
Beside Montrule vpon the grene,
Before nine houres I sall be sene:
And if ye win me in the field,
Boty horse and geare I sall you yeeld?
Ha that siclike ye do to me,
That sall I do be God (quod he)
And thereto I giue thee my hand,
And sa bet wene them made ane band,
That they sould meet vpon thy moirne,
But Talbert made at him but scoirne:
Rich liand him with wordes of prude,
Syne hameward to his hoast can ride.
And shaw the bretheren of the Land,
How ane young Scot had tane on hand,
To fight with him beside Montrule,
Bot I traist he sall proue the fule,
Quod they the moirne that sall we ken,
The Scots are hardie men.
Quod he I count him not ane cute,
He sall retorne vpon his fute:
And leane with me his armour bycht,

The Squyer of the Binnis.

For well I wait he hes no micht:
On horse nor fute to secht with me,
Quod they the moirne that sall we se
Quhen to Monsieur de Obenie,
Reported was the veritie.
How that the Squyer had tane on hand,
To secht with Talbert hand for hand.
His great courage he did commend,
Syne hastilie did for him send.
And quhen he came before the Lord,
The veritie he did record.
Now for the honour of Scotland,
That battell he had tane on hand.
And sen it glues me in my heart,
Get I ane horse to take my part.
My traist is sa in Gods grace,
To leane him lyand in that place.
Howbeit he stalwart be and stout,
My Lord of him I haue no doubt.
Then send the Lord out throw the land,
And gat ane hundereth horse fra hand:
To his prase-ice he bronght in haist,
And bade the Squyer cheis the best.
Of that the Squyer was reioised,
And cheised the best as he supposed:
And lay on him deliuerlie,
Was neuer horse ran mair pleasantlie,
With speir and sword at his command,
And was the best of all the land:
He tuke his leane, and went to rest,
Syne atrie on the moirne him best.
Wantoulie in his weirlike weed,
Hill well enarmed saif the head.
He lay vpon his Cursour wicht,
And straucht him in his strops richt.

The Squyer of the Binnes.

His speir and sheild, and helme was bozne,
 With Squyers that raid him beforene:
 Ane beluot cap on head he bare,
 Ane quair of golde to hide his hare.
 This Lord of him take sa great ioy,
 That he himselke wolde him conuoy.
 With him ane hundreth men of armes,
 That there could no man do him harmes.
 The Squyer bure into his sheild,
 Ane Otter in ane siluer feld.
 His horse was bairded full richlie,
 Couered with Saten Cramesie.
 Then fordwaird raid this Campion,
 With sound of trumpet and clarion.
 And speedilie spurred ouer the bent,
 Like Mars the God armipotent.
 Thus leaue we rydand our Squyer,
 And speake of master Talbert maire.
 Quhilk gat vp airtlie on the morrow,
 And no maner of geir to borrow:
 Horse, harness, speir and shield,
 Bot was ay ready to the field.
 And had sic practick into weir.
 Of our Squyer he take na feir.
 And said vnto his companion,
 Or we come forth of this Daullion:
 This night I saw into my dreame,
 Quhilk to rehearse I thinke great shame.
 He thocht I saw come from the sea.
 Ane great Otter rydand to me:
 The quhilk was black with ane lang tail,
 And cruellie did me assaill.
 And beat me till he gart me bleed,
 And drow me backward from my steed.
 Quhat this could meane, I can not say,

Bot

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Bot I was neuer in sic ane fray.
 His fellow said, thinke ye not shame;
 For to giue credence till ane dreame.
 We know it is agains our Faith,
 Therefore gaddes you in your graith.
 And thinke well throw your he courage,
 This day ye all win vassalage.
 Then drest he him into his geir,
 Wantonlie like ane man of weir.
 Quhilk had both hardines and force,
 And lichtlie lay vpon his horse.
 His horse was bairded full byauele,
 And couered was richt courtfullie.
 With byndered warke and beluot grene,
 Sanct Georges Croce their might be sene.
 On horse, harness, and all his geir.
 Then raid he furth withoutten weir:
 Conuoyed with his Capitane,
 And with many ane Englishman,
 Arayed all with armes bricht,
 Nicht na man see ane fairer sight.
 ¶ Then Clarions and trumpets blew,
 And weirious many hither drow.
 On euerie side came many man,
 To behalde quha the battell wan.
 The field was in ane Medow grene,
 Quhere euery man might well be sene:
 The Heraulds put them sa in ordour,
 That na man preissed within the bordour:
 Nor preissed to come within the grene,
 Bot Heraulds and the Campions kene.
 The ordour and the circumstance,
 Were lang to put in remembrance.
 Quhen thir twa noble men of weir,
 Were well accounted in their geir.

And

The Squyer of the Binnis.

And in their hands strang burdouns,
Then Trumpets blew and Clarious.
And Heraldz cryed hie on hicht,
Now let them go, God shew the richt.
Then spedelie they spurred their hoise,
And ran to vther with sic force,
That baith their speirs in sunder stawe,
Then said they all that stude on raw,
Ane better course noz they twa ran,
Was not sen the world began.
Then baith the partles were rejoiced,
The Champions ane quhile repoled:
Till they had gotten speirs new,
Then with triumph the trumpets blew:
And they with all the force they can,
Wonder rudelie at vther ran:
And strake at vther with sa great ire,
That fra their harness fell the fire:
Their speirs were sa rough and strang,
That either vther to earth down bang.
Baith hois and man with speir and shield,
Then statlings lay into the field.
Then Master Talbert was ashamed,
Forluth for euer I am defamed:
And said, that I had rather die,
Without that I reuenged be.
Our young Squyer sic was his hap,
Was first on fute, and on he lap
Upon his hoise, without support,
Of that the Scots take gude comfort.
Quhen they saw him sa fiercelie,
Loup on his hoise sa galzeardlie.
The Squyer lifted the visair,
Ane lile space to take the air.
They bade him wine, and he it drank,

And

The Squyer of the Binnis.

And humbelie he did them thanke.
Be that Talbert on hoise was mounted,
And of our Squyer lile counted:
And cryed gif he durst undertake,
To run anes for his Ladies sake.
The Squyer cryed hie on hicht,
That sail I do be Marie brycht.
I am content all day to rin,
Till ane of us the honour win.
Of that Talbert was well content,
And ane great speir in hand he hent.
The Squyer in his hand he thrang,
His speir quhilk was baith rif and lang:
With ane sharpe head of grunden steil,
Of quhilk he was appleased well.
That pleasant field was lang and braid,
Quhere gay ordour and rout was made:
And euery man micht hane gude sight,
And there was many weirlie knight.
Some man of euerie Nacion,
Was in that Congregation.
Then trumpets blew triumphantlie,
And they twa Champions egerlie:
They spurred their hoise with speir on byest
Beartlie to proue their pith they preist.
That round rink roun was at bitterance,
Bot Talberts hoise with ane mischance,
He vttered, and to rin was laith,
Quhereof Talbert was wonder wroth:
The Squyer forth his rink he ran,
Commended well with euerie man:
And him discharged of his speir,
Honestlie like ane man of weir.
Because that rink they ran in baine,
Then Talbert wald not rin againe.

C

Till

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Will he had gotten ane better speed,
Quhilk was brocht to him with great speed.
Wherupon he lay and tuke his speir,
As byrme as he had bene ane beir.
And bouted forðwart with ane bend,
And ran on to the Rinksend.
And saw his horse was at command,
Then was he blyth I vnderstand.
Crauld and na mare to rin in vane.
Then all the trumpets blew againe.
Be that with all the force they can,
They richt rudelie at byther ran.
O that meeting like man thocht wonder,
Quhilk sounded like ane crak of thunder.
And name of them their marrow mist,
Sir Talberts speir in sunder brist.
Bot the Squyer with his burdeoun,
Sir Talbert to the earth dang down.
That stroke was with sic might and force,
That on the ground lay man and horse.
And throw the bydle hand him bare,
And in the breast ane span and mare.
Throw curras and throw gloues of plate,
That Talbert might make na debate.
The trenchcours of the Squyers speir,
Stak still into sir Talberts geir.
Then euerie man into the stend,
Wid all belene that he was dead.
The Squyer lay richt hassille,
From his Cursour dierlie.
And to sir Talbert made support,
And humble did him comfort.
Quhen Talbert saw into his shield,
Ane Otter in ane silver field:
Thys rat, said he, I may fair rew,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

For I see well my dreame is trew.
He thocht ane Otter gart me bleed,
And bure me backward fra my speed.
Bot here I bow to God Soueraine,
That I sall neuer just againe.
And sweetlie to the Squyer he said,
Thou knowes the cunning that we made:
Quhilk of vs twa sould win the field,
He sould baith horse and armour yeld,
Till him that wan, querefore I will,
My horse and harness giue thee till.
Then said the Squyer courteouslie,
Brother I thanke you heartfullie:
Of you slyuth nothing I crane,
For I haue gotten that I wald haue.
With euerie man he was commended,
So valiantlie he him defended.
The Capitane of the English band,
Tuke the young Squyer be the hand,
And led him to the Daulion,
And gart him take collation.
Quhen Talberts woundes wer bund by fast,
The English Capitane to him past:
And prudentlie did him comfort,
Synne said, brother I you exhort.
To take the Squyer be the hand,
And sa he did at his command:
And said, this bene bot chance of armie,
With that he brast him in his armes:
Sarand, heartlie I you forgiue,
And then the Squyer tuke his leue.
Commended well with euery man,
Then wichtlie on his horse he wan:
With many a noble man conuoyed,
Araue we there Talbert fair annoyed.

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Some sayes of that discomfitour,
He chocht sic shame and dishonour:
That he departed off the land,
And neuer was sene into England.
Bot our Squyer did still remaine
After the weir till peace was tane.
All Capitaines of the Kings Gaids,
Gane to the Squyer rich rewardis.
Because he had sa well rebated,
With euerie Noble he was well treated.
After the weir he took licence,
Syn he did returne with diligence,
From Picardie to Normandie,
And there ane space remained he.
Because the Paute of Scotland,
Was still vpon the Coast land.

¶ When he ane quhile had sojourned,
He to the Court of France returned.
For to decorde his bassalage,
From Bartanzie take his biage,
With aucht scoze in his companie,
Of wailed richt men and hardie.
Quarmed well like men of weir,
With Dagbit, Culuering, Pick and Speir,
And passed vp throuch Normandie,
Till Ambiance in Picardie.
Where noble Lowes the King of France,
Was lyant with his Wydurance.
With many ane Prince and noble man,
And in the Court of France was than.
The marvellous Congregation,
Of many sundrie Nation.
Of England many ane prudent Lord,
After the weir makand record.
There was then ane Ambassadour,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

¶ The Lord, ane man of great honour.
With him was many ane noble Kniel
Of Scotland to defend their richt.
Quithk guyded them sa honestlie,
Englishmen had them at my.
And purposed to make them cumber,
Because they were of greater number.
And sa quhere euer they with them met,
Vpon the Scots they made on set.
And like wyld Lyons furious,
They laid ans sege about the house.
Them to destroy sa they intended,
Our worthie Scots them well defended.
The Sutherton was ay flue for ane,
Sa on ilke side there was men slaue.
The Englishmen cryed in great ire,
And cryed sweith set the house in fire.
Be that the Squyer Meldrum,
Into the Market streit was cum:
With his folkes in gude array,
And saw the town was in ane fray.
He did inquire the occasioun,
Quod they, the Scots are all put down,
Be Englishmen into their Finnes,
Quod he I walde giue all the Binnes,
That I might come ere they departed,
With that he grew sa cruell hearted.
That he was like ane wyld Lyon,
And rudelie ran out throu the town,
With all his companie well arrayed,
And with their Banner braid displayed.
And quhen they saw the English rout,
They set vpon them with ane shout.
And reid sa rudelie on them rushed,
That astie to the earth they dushed.

The Squyer of the Binnes.

There was nocht else bot take and slay.
The Squyer wonders did that day.
And stoutlie stopped in the flour,
And dang on them with dintis dour.
Was neuer man bure better hand,
There might na buckler byde his brand.
For it was well seven quarter lang,
With that sa derflie on them he dang.
What like ane worthie Campioun,
Ay at ane stroke he dang ane doun.
Some was euill hurt, and some was slane,
Some fell and rais not yet againe.
When that the Suthron saw that sight,
Affrayedlie they take the flight:
And wist not quhere to flee for haste,
Thus throw the toun he heg them chaste.
Were not French men came to the redding,
Chair had bene mekill mair blude shedding.
Of this iournay I make ane end,
Muhlk euertie noble did commend.
When to the King the case was knawen,
And all the furth unto him he went:
How this Squyer sa manfullie,
On Suthron wan the victorie.
He put him into ordinaunce,
And sa he did remaine in France.
Ane certaine tyme for his pleasure,
Well esteemed in great honour.
Where he did many ane noble deed,
With that richt wanton in his weed.
When Ladies knew his his courage,
He was deſcked in marriage:
Be ane Ladie of great rent,
Bot youth made him sa insolent,
What he in France wald not remaine,

Bot

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Bot came to Scotland hame againe.
Thocht French Ladies did for him mourne,
The Scots were glade of his retorne.
At euertie Lord he take his leaue,
Bot his departing did them greue,
For he was loued with all wichts.
Muhlk had him sene defend his richts,
Scots Capitaines did him conuoy,
Thocht his departing did them noy.
At Deepe he made him for the saill,
Where he furnished ane gay belhell.
For himselfe and his men of weir,
With artalzie, hagbute, bow and speir,
And furnished her with gude victuall,
With the best wine that he could waill.
And when the ship was readie made,
He lay bot ane day in the Rade.
Muhlk he gat winde of the southeast,
Then they their ankars decayed in haste.
And sone made saill and forwarde past,
Ane day at morne till at the last.
Of ane grea: saill they gat ane sight,
And Phoebus shew his beames bycht.
Into the morning richt airtie,
Then past the skipper richt spedlie.
Up to top with richt great feir,
And saw it was ane man of weir.
And cryed I see nocht else perdee,
Bot we mon either fecht or flee.
The Squyer was in his bed lyand,
When he heard tell this new tyband.
Be this the English artalzie,
Like hailshot made on them assailzie.
And stopped throw their seering sailles,
And ouerts dang out ouer the wailles.

The Squyer of the Binnes.

The Scots againe with all their might,
Of gunnes they let flee ane flight:
That they might well see quhere they wer,
Hendes and armes flew in the air.
The Scots ship she was sa law,
That many gunnes out ouer her slaw:
Quhilk far beyond them lighted down,
Bot the English great Balyeoun,
Foment them stude like ane strang Castell,
That the Scots gunnes might na way saill,
Bot hat her ay on the richt side,
With many ane sloop for all her pryde.
That many ane bift wero on their backs,
Then rais the reik with vglie cracks.
Quhilk on the sea made sic ane sound,
That in the air it did redound.
That men might well wit on the land,
That shippes were on the sea sechtand.
Be this the gyder strake the shyps,
And either on vther laid the elips.
And then began the strang battrell,
Like man his marrow did assaill.
Sa rudelic they did rush together,
That naie might hald their feet for sidder.
Some with halbert and some with speir,
Bot hagbuts did the greatest deir.
Out of the top the grunden darts,
Did diuerse pearle out throuch the hearts.
Euerie man did his diligence,
Upon his foe to worke vengeance.
Rushand on either routs rude,
That ouer the walles ran the blude.
The English Capitane cryed hie,
Sweith yeeld you dogs, or ye sall die.
And do ye not I make ane bow,

That

The Squyer of the Binnes.

That Scotland sall be quite of you.
Then peartlie answered the Squyer,
And said, O traitour tauerne,
I let the wit thou hes na might.
This day to put vs to the flight.
They berlic ay at vther dang,
The Squyer thirsted throw the thaug:
And in the English ship he lap,
And hat the Capitane sic ane clap
Upon his head till he fell down,
Weltrand intill ane deadlie soun,
And quhen the Scottes saw the Squyer,
Had striken down the rank Riuer:
They left their awen ship standand wait,
And in the English ship in haist.
They followed all the Capitane,
And soone was al the suthron flane.
Howbeit they wero of greater number,
The Scottmen put them in sic cumber,
That they were faine to leaue the feld,
Cryand mercie, then did they yeelde.
Yet was the Squyer straikand fast,
At the Captane, till at the last,
Quhen he persened na remead,
Outher to yeeld, or to be dead.
He said, O gentle Capitane,
Whole me not for to be flane.
My life to you shall be maie prise,
Nor sall my death ane thousand lyse.
For ye may get, as I suppose,
Thre thousand nobles of the Rose.
Of me, and of my companie,
Therefore I cry you loud mercie.
Except my life, nothing I craue,
Take you the ship and all the lane.

D

I yeeld

The Squyer of the Binnes.

I yeeld to you baith sword and kniſe,
Therefore gude maſter ſaue my life:
The Squyer take him be the hand,
And on his ſute he gat him ſtand:
And treated him richt tenderlie,
And ſyne into his men did cry:
And gaue to them richt ſtrait command,
Go ſtraik na mair, bot hold their hand.
Then baith their Capitaneſ ran and red,
And ſa there was na mair blude ſhed.
Then all the laue they did them yeeld,
And to the Scots gaue ſword and ſheild.
The noble Reich the Squyer had,
Whercof the Engliſh hoſt was glad.
To quhom the Squyer gaue command,
The wounded men to take on hand.
And ſa he did with diligence,
Whercof he gat gude recompence.
Then quhen the wounded men were drest,
And all the dyand men confeſt:
And dead men caſſen in the ſea,
Quhill to behald was great pitie.
There was ſtane of the Engliſh band,
Five ſcore of men I vnderſtand.
The quhillik were cruell men and kene,
And of the Scots were ſtane ſikene.
And quhen the Engliſh Capitane,
Saw how his men were tane and ſtane.
And how the Scots ſa few in number,
Had put them in ſa great ane cumber.
He grew intill ane ſcreneſy,
Swayand, falſe ſorton I thee deſy:
For I beleued this day at moyne,
That he was not in Scotland boyne,
That durſt haue met me hand ſo hand,

Within

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Within the boundes of my brand.
The Squyer bade him make gude cheir,
And ſaid, it is bot chance of weir.
Grent Conquerours I you aſſure,
Wes hapned ſelike aduenture.
Therefore make mirrie and go dync,
And let vs preine the mightie wyne.
Some drank wine and ſome drank aill,
Synne put the ſhippes vnder ſaill.
And waulled farth of the Engliſh band,
Ewa haudereth men and put on land.
Myetlie on the coaſt of Kent,
The laue in Scotland with them went.
The Engliſh Capitane as I ges,
He warbed was in the Blacknes.
And treated him richt honeſte,
Together with his companie:
And held him in that Garniſoun,
Till they had payed their ranſoun.
Out throw the land then ſprang the ſame,
That Squyer Meldrum was come hame.
¶ Quhen they heard tell how he debated,
With euerie man he was well treated.
That quhen he trauelled thow the land,
They banketed him fra hand to hand.
With great ſolace, till at the laſt,
Out throw Stratherne the Squyer paſt.
And as it did approach the night,
Of ane Caſtell he gat ane ſicht,
Beſide ane Mountaine in ane baill,
And then after his great trauell:
He purpoſed him to reſole.
Wher ſike man did of him reiſſe:
Of this reſemphand pleaſand place,
The laſtie ladie was Myſtreſ.

D 2

Whar

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Quhaes Lord was dead short time before,
Wherfore her dolour was the more.
Bot yet she take some comforting,
To heare the pleasant dulce talking:
Of this young Squyer, and of his chance,
And how it hapned him in France.
This Squyer and the Ladie gent,
Did washe, and then to supper went.
During this night there was nocht elles,
Bot for to heare of his Nouelles.
Eneas quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not Queene Dido greater joy:
Quhen he in Carthage did arryue,
And did the siege of Troy descriue.
The wonderis that he did rehearse,
Were lausome for to put in verse.
Of quhilk his Ladie did reiose,
Wh. y drank, and syne went to repose:
He fand his chalmir well arrayed,
With Dornick warke on buche displayed.
Of Wemmison he had his wail,
Gude Aquaintie wine and ail.
With noble costes, byan and geill,
And sa the Squyer sure richt well.
So to heare mair of this narration,
This Ladie came to his Collation:
Sayand he was richt welcom hame,
Grandmercie then (quod he) Madame.
They pass the time with ches and table,
For he to curreie game was able.
Then vnto bed drew euerie wicht,
To chalmir went this Ladie bricht,
The quhilk this Squyer did conuoy,
Syne till his bed he went with joy.
That night he sleiped neyge ane winke,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Bot still did on his Ladie thine.
Cupido with his speie Dart,
Did pearse him sa out throw the heart.
So all that night did nocht bot mourned,
Some time sat by, and some time turned.
Sichand with many gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane.
Sayand Ladie, quhat may this meane?
I was ane fre man late yestreen:
And now ane catiue bound and thall,
For ane that I thinke flour of all,
I pray God sen she knew my minde,
How for her sake I am sa pynde.
Wald God I had bene yet in France,
Or I had hapned sic mischance:
To be subject to seruiture,
Till ane that takes of me na cure.
This Ladie ludged nere hand by,
And heard the Squyer pryncly:
With dreadfull heart makand his mane,
With many cairfull gant and grane.
Her heart fulfild of pittie,
Thocht she wald haue on him mercie:
And said, howbeit I could be slane,
He sall haue loue for loue againe.
Wald God I might with my honour,
Haue him to be my Daramour.
This was the mirrie time of May,
Quhen this fair Ladie fresh and gay,
Start by to take the helthsome air,
With Pantons on her feet ane pair.
Airlie on ane cleare morning,
Before fair Phoebus bypyling:
Airtle alone withoutten clock,
And saw the Squyers dure unlock.

The Squyer of the Binnis.

She slipped in ere euer he wist;
 And sempetlie past to the kist,
 And with her keyes opened the lokkes,
 And made her to take furth ane booke.
 Bot that was not her elrand there,
 With that this lustie young Squyer:
 Saw this Ladie sa pleasantlie,
 Croke to his chamber quyetlie:
 In kirtle of fine damask broun,
 Her gowden traces hangand down.
 Her papes were hard round and quhite,
 Quhom to behald was great delite.
 Like the quhite ittle was her lyze,
 Her hare was like the red gowld tope.
 Her shankes quhite withouthen hose,
 Quherat the Squyer did deioise.
 And said then now bailie quod bailie,
 Upon the Ladie now make ane sailie.
 Her curtle like kittle was vnlaist,
 And looke into his armes her brait:
 And said to her, Madam gude mornie,
 Helpe me your man that is forlorne:
 Withouth ye ge me some reuerd,
 Withouthen doubt I am bot dead:
 Quherfore ye must releue my harmes,
 With that he hint her in his armes.
 And talked with her vpon the surey,
 Syne quyetlie hid bar the dure.
 Squyer (quod she) quhat is your will,
 Thinke ye my swaitherheed to spill?
 As God forbid, I was no great sin,
 My flosh and ye was near off sin.
 Quherfore I mak you supplication
 For as and like ane dispensation,
 Then said I was yow with ane ring.

Then

The Squyer of the Binnis.

Then may ye lue at your lyking.
 For ye are young, lustie and fair,
 And als ye are your fathers air.
 There is na Ladie in all this land,
 May yow refuse to her husband.
 And gif ye loue me as ye say,
 Haste to dispense the best ye may.
 And thereto I glue you my hand,
 I sall yow take to my husband.
 Quod he, till that I may indure,
 I vow to be your seruiture.
 Bot I thynke great vexation,
 To tarye vpon dispensation.
 Then in his armes he did her chist.
 And either vther sweetlie kist.
 And wame for wame they vther brait:
 With that her kittle was vnlaist.
 Then Cupido with his drie darts,
 Inflamed sa thir louers hearts.
 They might na maner of wayes discouer,
 Nor ane might part from ane vther.
 Bot like wodwend they were balth wrapped,
 There tenderlie he heg her happed.
 Full cosstie by intill his bed,
 Iudge ye gif he her shankes shed.
 Alas (quod she) quhat may this moane?
 And with her hair she dight her ene.
 ¶ I can not tell how they did play,
 Bot I beleue she said nof nay.
 He pleased her as I heard fane,
 That he was welcome ay againe.
 She rais and tenderlie him kist,
 And on his hand ane ring she thist.
 And he gaue her ane loue drutle,
 The ring set with ane rich Rubie.

In

The Squyer of the Binnes.

In token that their loue for ever,
Should neuer from this twa disseuer.
And then she passed into her chalmere,
And saide her Maidelis sweet as Lamer:
Sleep and full sound, and nothing woe,
How that their Ladie past to the kist.
Quod they, Madame quhere haue ye bene,
Quod she, into my Garden grene:
To heare this mirrie birds sang,
I let you wit, I thocht not lang.
Thocht I had taried there quhill noone,
Quod they, quhere was your hose and shoone
Quhy yeed ye with your bellie bair?
Quod she, the morning was so fair.
For be him that deare Iesus sauld,
I felt na wayes any maner of cauld.
Quod they, Madame, we think ye sweent,
Quod she, ye see I suffer heat.
The dew did sa on floures feet,
That baith my limmes are made weet.
Therefore ane quhyle I will heare ly,
Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.
Rise and gar make our dinner reddie,
That sall be done (quod they) my Ladie.
After that she had tane her rest,
She rais, and in her chalmere her dyest.
And after this to dinner went,
Then was the Squyer diligent:
To declare many fundrie storie,
Worthie to put in memorie.

¶ What sall we of this Louers say?
Bot all the time of iustie May:
They past the time with ioy and bles,
Full quyetlie with many ane kis:
There was na creature that knew,

Net

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Net of this Louers chalmere glew;
And sa he lived pleasantlie,
Ane certaine tyme with his Ladie.
Some tyme with halking and hunting,
Some tyme with wanton hoys running.
And some tyme like ane man of weir,
Full galzeardlie wald run ane speir.
He wan the pyffe about hem all,
Baith at the buis and the futeball.
Sall euery solace he was able,
At cards ane a byc, at chace and table.

¶ Was gif ye list I sall you tell,
How that he seized ane Castell:
Ane Messinger came speedilie,
From the Lennox to that Ladie:
And shew how that Maklagon,
And with him many bauld Barron:
Her castell he had tane perforce,
And neither left her how nor hoise.
And harryed all the land about,
Wherof this Ladie had great doubt.
Till her Squyer she past in haste,
And shew him how she was oppress:
And how he wasted many ane myle,
Betwixt Dumbartane and Argyle.

¶ And quhen the Squyer Meldrum,
Had heard this nouelles all and sum:
Till his heart there grew sic ire,
That all his bodie burnt in fire.
And swore it schuld be full deare sauld,
Eit he might finde them in that hauld.
He and his men did them addres,
With haste in their harnes.
Some with bow and some with speir,
And he like Mars the God of weir.

C

Came

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Came to the Ladie and tuke his leane,
And she gave him her right hand gleane.
Shee gaskt he on his Walnet burre,
And said Whadame, If you assure,
That worthy Lancelot Dalake,
Will neuer make for his Ladies sake:
For I will doe, or else die,
Without that ye reuenged be.
Then in her armes she him brait,
And he his leane did take in haist.
And said that day and all the night,
Will on the morne he gat ane sight
Of that Castell baith fair and strang,
When in the midg his men amang:
So mightie Mars his bowe he made,
What he could neuer in heart be glade,
For yet returne farth of that land,
Until that strength were at his command.
All the tennents of that Ladie,
Came to the Squyer iustitie,
And made oath of fidelitie,
That they could neuer fra him see.

When to Makfarland wight and bauld,
The veritie all hail was cauld:
How the young Squyer Meldrum,
Was now into that Countrey cum:
Forpotsand to siege that place,
Then banelled he that fortrex,
And swore he wuld that place defend,
As wuld he unto his lifes end.

So this the Squyer was arrayit
With his beard Boner brycht displayit,
With Culbering Hagbut, Bow and speire
Of Makfarland he tuke nay feir.
And like ane Championn couragious

He

The Squyer of the Binnes.

He cryed and said, gaze ober the house
The Captaine answered highly,
And said, Traytor we thee besie,
We shall remaine the house within
Into despite of all thy kin,
With that the Archers bauld and wight,
Of braid arrowes let flee ane sight:
Among the Squyers companie,
And they againe richt manfullie.
With Hagbut, Bow and Culveryn,
Quhill put Makfarlands men to pyne.
And on their collars laid full sicker,
And there began the baillull bicker.
There was bot shot and shot againe,
Till on ilke side there was men flane.
Then cryed the Squyer courageous,
So wench lay the ladders to the hous.
And sa they did, and clam helyus,
As bulle Bees does to their hyne.
Forbeit there was flane many ane man,
Yet wightlie over the walles they wan.
The Squyer forrest of them all,
Planted the Banner over the wall.
And then began the moxtall fray,
There was nocht else bot take and slay.
Then Makfarland that made the praisse,
From time he saw the Squyers face,
Upon his knees he did him yeild.
Deliverand him baith speir and sheild.
The Squyer heartlie him received,
Commandand that he should be saved.
And sa did slake that moxtell fead,
Sa that na man was put to dead.
In free warde was Makfarland leased,
And let the lair gang where they pleased.

And sa the Squyer amorous,
Serged and wan his Ladies house.
And left therein ane Capitane,
Whyne to Strathene returned againe.
Wher that he with his fair Ladie,
Receaued was richt pleasantlie.
And to take rest did him connoy,
Judge ys gif there was mirth and soy.
Whobait the chalmir dore was close,
They did bot kisse, as I supposed.
Gif biher thing was them betwene,
Net them discouer that louers bene.
For I an nor in lone eyer,
Als neuer studied in that Art.

Thus they remained in mairies,
Whobait in net to lase bitties:
In that m. ane time this Ladie fair,
The douchet to the Squyer bare.
From found was fane of vilage,
When take the Squyer the courage.
Against the nature time of May,
Wher he put in his last ray:
In Charlot getne, and that richt fine,
Whobait was ane fanchie sicut to syne.

The Gentlemen in all that land,
Were glade with him to make ane band.
And he wald plainlie take their partys,
And net desyring bot their heartys.
Thus lived the Squyer pleasantlie,
With Whistick and with Whistralie:
Of this Ladie he was fa glad,
Wher nicht na sorrow make him sad.
The ane did biher consolation,
The vther upon dispensation.
Had it come hame, he had her brydded,

Bot ere it came it was miscuked:
And all this game he bocht full deare,
As ye at lenth sal after heare.

Of waridhe toy it was well kend,
That sorrow bene the fattell end.
For jelousie and false myby,
Did him persew richt cruelly.
I maruell not thocht it be so,
For they were eare ioners fo.
Wher rebiro he stude in many ane flour,
And ay defended his honour.

Ane cruill knicht dwelt near hand by,
Whobait at the Squyer had inoy:
Inzagand intill his heart,
Wher he thir Louers nicht depart:
The wald haue had her maryand,
The Gentleman within his land,
The quibik to him was not in blud,
Bot finallie for to conclude.
Whereto he wald neuer consent,
Wher fore the knicht set his intent:
This noble Squyer for to deit roy,
And swore he sould neuer haue soy,
Tutill his heart without remeas,
Till ane of them were left for dead.
This balliant Squyer manfullie,
In earnest and play did him besy:
Diferand himselfe for to assaill,
Bodie for bodie in battell.
The knicht thereto not condiscended,
Bot to betraile him ay intended.

So it fell anes vpon ane day,
In Edinburgh as I heard say:
His Squyer and the Ladie true,
Was their iust maters to persew:

The Squyer of the Binnes.

What cruell knyght full of iaby,
Gart bald on them and secret spy:
When he could pas furth of the rout,
For this Squyers confusion.
Nobill traisted na man could him greene,
For of treason had no beleene.
And take his licence from his hoast,
And liberallie did pay his coost.
And so departed blyth and mirrie,
With purpose to passe ouer the ferrie.
He was bot aucht men in his rout,
For of danger he had na doubt.
The day came to the knyght anone,
And him informid how they were gone.
Then gathered he his men in hy,
With thyselste in his companie.
Accountered well in feis of weir,
Some with bow and some with speir.
And on the Squyer followed fast,
Till they bid se him at the last,
With all his men right well arrayed,
Of cruell men nothing esrayed.
And when the Ladie saw the rout,
God wait gif she stude in great doubt:
Quod she, your enemies I see,
Wherefore sweet heart I reeb you see:
In the Countrey I will be kend,
We are na partie to defend.
We know you knyghts crueltie,
What in his heart heg no mercie.
It is bot one that they wald haue,
Wherefore deare heart your selte ye saue.
Doubt they take me with this traine,
I fall be soone at you againe.
For ye were neuer sa hard stude,

Madame

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Madame (quod he) be ye not rade.
For be the halie Trinitie,
This day ane sute I will not see.
And be he had ended his word,
He drew ane langtwa handed sword:
And put his aucht men in array,
And bade that they could take na fray.
Then to the Squyer cryed the knyght,
And said, send me the Ladie bycht.
Do ye not sa, be Gods Croce,
I shall her take away perforce.
The Squyer said, be thou ane knyght,
Come forth to me and shaw the richt.
Bot hand for hand without redding,
That there be na mair blade shedding.
And gif thou winnes me in the feld,
I shall my Ladie to thee yeld.
The knyght durst not for all his land,
Fecht with the Squyer hand for hand.
The Squyer saw na remead,
Bot either to fecht, or to be dead.
To heanen he lifted vp his visage,
Cryand to God with hie courage.
To thec my querrell I do commend,
Synce bouted forwarde with ane bend.
With countenance baith bauld and stout,
He rudelis rushed in that rout.
With him his lile companie,
Nobill them defended manfullie,
The Squyer with his blinest byand,
Among his fa men made sic hand.
What Gaudifer as sayes the Letter,
At Gadders ferrie faucht neuer better.
His sword he swoapped sa about,
That he great roume made in the rout.

And

The Squyer of the Binnes.

And like ane man that was dyspard,
His weapon sa on them he wared:
Nathair euer he hat, as I heard say,
They did him na mair deere that day.
Quha euer came within his boundis,
He chaped nor but mortall woundis.
Some mutilat were, and some were slay;
Some fled, and came not yet againe:
Ye hat the knicht aboue the brycs.
What he fell for ward on his knees:
Nayre not Thom Giffard did him saue,
The knicht had soone bene in his graue.
But for the Squyer with his brand,
That Thomas Giffard on the hand.
For that he durst furth during his life,
No more world's sword nor knife.
When came ane foir as byrme as beirs,
And on him f. such offene speirs;
In perperis he haue boine hit down,
But he as forre Cadipion,
Amonge ch-y. wight men wozcht great won-
der, all they thair he shure in sunder. (Ore
Hans hure come neave him hand for hand
Within the boundis of his brand.
This worthie Squyer curagious,
Right he comparat to Tydeus,
In yll faucht for to defend his richts,
With fies of Thebes sille knichtis.
Rolland with brand wel his brycht brand,
Gaurat neuer better hand for hand.
But Gawen against Golibras,
But Olyver againt Pharambras.
He wald be laucht that day as well,
As with the Grahaue againt Grayteill.
And I dar say, he was als able,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

As ony knicht of the round table:
And did his honour mair aduance,
Nor ony of they knichtis perchance.
The quhilk I offer me to preif,
Eif that yce pleas Sirs with your leif.
¶ Among the knichtis was made a baid
That they should fecht bot hand for hand.
Assured that there could come no mo,
With this Squyer it stude not so,
His stalward flour quha wald destruy,
Against ane man there was ay fyrie.
Quhen that this cruell Tyrane knicht,
Saw the Squyer sa wonder wicht,
And had no wicht him to destroy,
Unto his hart their grews sic noy,
What he was abill for to rage,
That na man might his fire allwinge.
Fy on vs said he to his men,
Ay against ane sen we ar ten:
Chap he away, we ar ashamed,
Lyke Cowards, we sall be defamed,
I had rather be in Helles pane,
Or he should chap fra vs vnflane:
And called thre of his companie,
Said, pas behind him quyetlie,
And sa they did richt secretlie,
And came behind him cowardlie.
And hacked on his hoche and theis,
Till that he fell vpon his kneis,
And quhen his shankis wer shorne in sunder,
Upon his kneis he wozcht great wonder,
Sweipand his sword round about,
Not hauand of the death no doubt.
Durst none approch within his boundis,
Till that his cruell mortall woundis,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Bled sa that he did sway in swoon,
Perforce behoued him then fell down.
And quhen he lay vpon the ground,
They gaue him many cruell wound:
That men on far nicht heare the knocks,
Like bouchers hakanb on their stocks.
And Auallie without remend,
They left him lyand there for dead.
With ma wounds of sword and knife,
For euer had man that keeped life.
Quhat could I of this traytours say?
Quhen they had done, they fled away.
Bot then this lustie Ladie fair,
With dolent heart she made sic cair:
Nuhilk was great pite for to rehearse,
And langsome for to put in verse.
With teares she wylt his bloudie face,
Sichand with many loud alace.
Alas, quod she, that I was bozne,
In my querrell thou art forlozne.
Sall neuer man after this haire,
Of my bodie haue maik pleasure.
For thou was gemine of gentlenes,
And very well of worthines.
Then to the earth she rushed down,
And lay intill ane deadlie swoon.
Be that the Regent of the land,
Fra Edinburgh came fast rydand,
Sir Anthony Darlie was his name
Ane knight of France, ane man of fame:
Nuhilk had the gyding hallic,
Under Iohn Duke of Albanie.
Nuhilk was to our yong King tutor,
And of all Scotland Governour.
Our King was bot thre years of age,

That

The Squyer of the Binnes.

That time quhen done was the outrage,
Quhen this gude knight the Squyer saw,
Thus lyand intill his dead thraw:
Who is me (quod he) to see this sight,
On the quhilk woorthie was and tocht.
Wald God that I had bene with thee,
As thou in France was anes with mee,
Into the land of Picardy,
Where Englishmen had great inby:
To haue me slane, sa they intended,
Bot manfullie thou me defended:
And ballantise did saue my life,
Was neuer man with sword nor knife.
Not Hercules I dare well say,
That euer fancht better for ane day.
Defendaud me within ane round,
Thou danght Sir Sutheron to the ground.
I may thee make na helpe alace,
Bot I sall follow on the chase,
Nicht spedilie baith day and nicht,
Till I may get that cruell knight.
I make ane bow gif I may get him,
Intill ane prison I sall set him.
And quhen I heare that thou bees dead,
Then sall my hands straik off his head.
With that he gaue his horse the spurs,
And spedilie flew ouer the furs.
He and his gaird with all their micht,
They ran till they ouertuke the knight.
Quhen he approcht, he lichted down,
And like ane ballant Champion,
He tuke the tyrane prisoner,
And sent him backward to Dumbair.
And there remained in prison,
Ane certaine time in that Doungeoun.

A 2

Act

The Squyer of the Binnis.

Let him ly there, with mekle cair:
And speik we of our kynd Squyer:
Of quhome we cannot speik bot gude,
When he lay bathand in his blude.
His freinds, and his Ladie fair,
They made for him sik dule and cair,
Whilk wer great pitie for to deplore,
Of that mater I speak no moir.
They send for Leiches haistellie,
Synne buir his bodie tenderlie,
To ludge intill ane faire Ludging,
Whair he receiued Medecine:
The greatest Leiches of the land,
Come all to him without comand,
And all practiks on him prout,
Because he was sa weill beloued,
They tuik on hand his lyfe to saue,
And he them gaue quhat they wald haue.
Bot he sa lang lay into paine,
He turned to be ane Chirurgiane.
And als be his naturall Ingyne,
He leirned the Art of Medicine,
He saue them on his bodie brocht.
Wherefore the Science was dier bocht.
Bot efterward quhen he was haill,
He spared nether coist nor trauell,
To proue his practiks on the pairc,
And on them proued many ane cure:
On his expensis, without reward,
Of Honor he tuik na regard.

¶ Bot sum thing will we comon mair:
Of this Ladie that made sik cair:
Whilk to the Squyer was mair paine,
For all his wounds in certaine.
And then hir freinds did conclude,

Because

The Squyer of the Binnis.

Because shee micht doe him na gude,
That shee could tak hir leue and go,
To hir Countie and, and shee did so,
Bot hir Lufers met neuer againe,
Whilk to them was ane last and paine.
For shee against hir will was married,
Nether thow hir weirb she daylie waried.
Howbeit hir bodie was absent,
Her tender Hairs was ay present.
Baith nicht and day with hir Squyer,
Was neuer Creature made sik cair.
Penelope for Vlisses,

I wat had no greater distres,
Nor Cressed for true Troilus,
Was not tent part so dolorus.
I wat it was against hir hairt,
That shee did from hir Luf depairt.
Helene had not sa mekle noy,
When shee perforce was brocht to Troy.
I leaue hir then with Hairs full sore,
And speak now of our Squyer mere.
¶ And this Squyer was hail and sound
And sofelie micht gang on the ground.
To the Regent he did complaine,
Bot the Regent was ouer saone flaine,
Be David Hume of Wedderburne.
The quhilk gart manie French man mourne
For there was none mair Noble Knicht,
Whare walzant, mair hoysle, mair wicht.
And soone efter that crueltie,
The Knicht was put to libertie.
Quha had the Squyer sore oppress,
So was his mater left vnderest.
Because the King was young of age,
Then Tyrans rang into their rage.

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Bot after ward, as I heard say,
On Strivling bridge upon aue day,
This knicht was slane with crueltie,
And that day gat na mair mercie,
Nor he gaue to our young Squyer,
I say na mair, let him ly there.
For cruell men ye may well see,
They end oft times with crueltie.
For Christ to Peter said this word,
Wha euer strikes with aue sword,
That man shall be with aue sword slane,
That sawe is suth, I tell you plaine.
He meanes quha straike cruellie,
Against the Law without mercie.
Bot this Squyer to none offended,
Bot manfullie him selfe defended.
Was neuer man with sword nor knyfe.
May saue their honour and thair life.
As did this Squyer all his dayes,
With many terrible offayes.

Wald I at lenth his life declare,
I might well wypte aue bther quare:
Bot at this time I may not mend it,
Bot shew you how the Squyer ended.

There dwelt in Fyfe an aged Lord,
That of the Squyer heard record:
And did desyre right heartfullie,
To haue him in his companie:
And sent for him with diligence,
And he came with obedience.
And lang time did with him remaine,
Of quhome this aged Lord was saue.
Wise men desires commonlie,
Wise men into their companie.
For he had bene in many land,

In

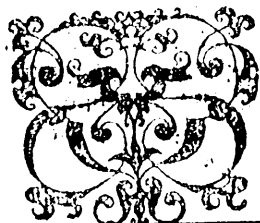
The Squyer of the Binnes.

In Flanders, France, and in England.
Wherfore the Lord gaue him the cure,
Of his household I you assure.
And in his hall chief Marshall,
And audtour to his compts all.
He was aue richt Courticiane,
And in the Law aue practiciane.
Wherfore during this Lords lyfe,
Schiref deput he was in Fife.
To euery man aue equall iudge,
And of the pure he was refuge.
And with iustice did them support,
And cured their soares with great comfourt.
For as I did rehearse before,
Of Medicine he take the Lore.
When he saw the Chyrurgience,
Upon him do their diligence.
Experience made him persite,
And of the Science take sic delite.
That he did many thysie cure.
And spectallie vpon the pure:
Without reward on his expenses,
Without regarde of recompense.
To gould or siluer, or to rent,
This noble Squyer take litle tent:
Of all this world as mair he craued,
Sa that his honour might be saued.
And ilke yeare for his Ladies sake,
Aue Banket Royall wald he make:
And that he made on the Sunday.
Precedand to A Wednesday:
With wyld foule, venison and wyne,
With Cart and Flaine, and fewtage fine.
Of Bran and Geill there was aue skant,
And Impocras he did not want.

I haue

The Squyer of the Binnes.

I haue seene sittand at his Table,
 Lords, and Laidys honourable:
 Baith Knichtys and many ane gay Squyer
 Quhilk wer to lang for to declair,
 With Birth, Wyssick and Gentrylie,
 All this, he did for his Laidie.
 And for hir sake during his lyfe,
 Heald neuer be wedded to ane wyfe,
 And quhen he did decline to age,
 He neuer failed of his Courage.
 Of antique Stories for to tell,
 Aboue all others he did precell:
 So that eueryl Creature,
 To heir him speak they take pleasure,
 Bot all his deids honourable,
 For to descryue I am not able.
 Of euery man hee was commended,
 And as he liued so he ended:
 Pleasandlie till he might indure,
 Till dreidfull Death came to his dure,
 And cruelle with his mortall dait,
 Strake this kynd Squyer throch the hait
 His Soule with Joy Angelicall,
 Past to the Heauen Imperiall.
 Thus at the Suther into Fyfe,
 This Noble Squyer lost his lyfe.
 I pray to Christ for to conuoy,
 All sik true Lovers to his Joy.
 Say yee Amen for Charitie,
 Adieu, yee get na maire of me.



*THE TESTAMENT OF THE
 NOBLE AND VALIANT*

*Squyer William Melburn of the Binnes.
 Compyled be Sir David Lindsay of Mont Knicht.*

The holy man Job ground of patience,
 In his great trouble truly did report
 Quhilk I persauce now be Experince,
 That mens life in earth bene wonder short:
 My by past time was spent in weir a sport,
 My youth is gane, I thinke it bot a dreame,
 I let after death remaune fall my gude fame.
 I perceaued shortly that I man pay the dee,
 To me in earth no place bene permanent:
 My heart on it na maire now will I set,
 Bot with the help of God Omnipotent,
 With resolute minde go make my testamēt,
 And take my leaue at Cuntry men and kyn,
 And all the world, and thus I will begin.

Ghir Lords to me sall be Executours,
 Lindelays all thre in surname of renown:
 Of my Testamēt they sal haue hail the cure,
 To put my mind full Execution:
 That surname failed neuer to the Crown,
 Na maire will they to me, I am richt sure,
 Quhilk is the cause that I gaue them y cure
 First David Earle of Craufurde wise & twicht
 And John Lord Lindelay my master speciall,
 The thurd sall be ane noble trauelled knicht,
 Quhilk knows the coosts of seas & funerall,
 The wyfe sir Walter Lindelay they him call:
 Lord of S. John and Knicht of Torphichane
 Be sea and land ane valiant Campion.

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Choct age heg made my bodie impotent,
Yet in my heart hie courage doth precell:
Wherfore I leaue to God with gude intent,
My spirit the quhilk he heg made immoztall,
Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell;
And neuer more to steir furth of that stead,
Till Christ descend to iudge baith quick & dead
If you beseech my Lords Executours,
My gear gine till the next of my kinrent:
It is well kend I neuer take na cures,
Of conquesting, of riches noz of rent:
Dispone as ye think maist expdient:
I neuer take cure of gold more than the glas,
Without honour, fy, fy, vpon riches.
If you request my friends aine and all,
And noble men of quhom I am descended:
I will not to be at my least funerall,
Quhilk throw the warld I traist sa'be comen
We knawe how I my fame I haue defedit, (dit
During my lyfe vnto the latter houre,
Quhilk could to you be infinite pleasure,
First of my bowels clenge my bodie clene,
Within and out, syne wash it well with wyne,
Bot honestie see that nothing be sene,
Syne close it in ane coastlie carued shyne,
Of Cyber trees, or of the Cypre fine:
Anoint my corps with Balme delicious,
With Cynamone and spyes precious.
Intwa casses of gold and precious stanes,
I enclose my hart and tongue richt craftilie:
My sepulture syne gar make for my banes,
Finto the Temple of Mars triumphantlie,
Of Marble stanes carued richt caroussie:

Wher

The Squyer of the Binnes.

Wherein my kist and banes ye shall close,
In that triumphant Temple to repose.
Mars, Venus and Mercurious all thre,
Gaue me my naturall inclinacions:
Quhilk rang the day of my Natinitie,
And sa their heauenlie constellations,
Did me support in many Nations,
Mars made me hardie like ane fierce Lyon,
Wherethrow I conquest honour and renoun
Quho list to knawe the acts Bellicall,
Let them ga read the Legend of my life,
There sall they finde the deeds martiall,
Victoriously w speir, shield, sword and kniife.
Wherfore to Mars the God armipotent,
My corps inclosed till him ye do present.
Make offering of my tongue rethoricall
Till Mercurius quhilk gaue me Eloquence,
In his Temple to hing perpetuall,
I can make him na better recompence:
For quhen I was brocht to the presence,
Of Kings of Scotland, England and in France,
My ornate tongue my honour did aduance.
To fresh Venus my hart ye sall present,
Quhilk heg to me bene ay comfortable:
And in my face sic grace she did imprent,
All creatures did thinke me amiable:
No men to me she made fauourable,
Was neuer Ladie that loked in my face,
Bot honestly I did obten her grace.
My friend sir David Linde say of the Mount,
Sall put in ordour my procession:
I will that there pas foremost in the front

The Squyer of the Binnys.

To beare my Denfell and twicht Champion,
With his ban and ban of Marshis Religion,
That is to say, in the defenke and friers,
In gude order a thousand hagbuters.

For to hem a thousand sutenen in a rout,
To sleie a thiel, with buckler, bow and band:
For my Lufaray pory halbarde men and stout
To puke in about there fall come a band:
For to hem ready to make their baring,
For to my plane with my thoubert in his hand,
A hundred horse an hundred men in armes.

For my bar band on y Banner fall be boie,
For to hem on the Others this table:
For to hem on the Others this table:
For to hem on the Others this table.

For after them the Others this table,
For to hem on the Others this table,
For to hem on the Others this table,

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For to hem on the Others this table,

The Squyer of the Binnys.

With hudes heckled down ouerthout their cime:
With men of armes my bodie fall be boie,
Into that band see that no black be sene,
My Lufaray fall be red, blew and grene,
The red for Mars, the grene for fresh Venus,
The blew for loue of God Mercurius.

About my Beir fall ryde a multitude,
All of my Lufaray of my cullours three:
Charles and Loyds, knyghts and men of gude,
The Barron beare and in his hand on hie,
The longer branche in signe of victorie:
Because I hed neuer out of the field,
For yet a spysoner vnto my foes preid.

For after that day fall not to warne and call
All men of Musick and of Wentrallic:
About my Beir with mirths Musickall,
To dance and sing with heauenlie harmony,
For to hem on the Others this table,
For to hem on the Others this table,
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For to hem on the Others this table,
For to hem on the Others this table,
For to hem on the Others this table,

The Squyer of the Binnes.

But Alleluya with melodie and game.
After the Euangell and the Offertour,
Throw all the Temple gar proclame silence:
Then to the Pulpet gar aue Oratour,
Was vp and shaw in open audience,
Solemneble with ornat Eloquence.
At great leasure the Legend of my life,
How I haue stand in many stalwart strife.
Quhen he hes red my Buke from end til end,
And of my life made true narration:
All creatures I wait will me commend,
And pray to God for my saluation:
Then after this solemnizatioun
Of seruice, and all brocht to ane end,
With grauntie see pee my bodie wend.
And close it vp into ane sepulture,
There to repose till the great iudgment,
The quhilk may not corrupt I you assure,
Be vertew of the precious Oymment,
Of Balme, and vther spycis redolent:
Let not be rung for me that bay saull knelleg,
Bot great cannons gar them crak for belles.
Ans thousand hagbuts gar shute all at anes,
With swash tabers, and trumpets' awfuller:
Let neuer spare thy powder nor the flanes,
Quhacs thundring tois redound sal in the sky
That Mars may heare, quhere he triumphantly
Aboue Phoebus is situate full enen,
Quaill awfull God vnder the starrie heauen.
And syne hung vp aboue say sepulture,
My bucht harnes, my shield and als my speir:
Togethe with my courtly coat armure,
Quhilk I was wont vpon my bodie beir,

In

The Squyer of the Binnes.

In France, in England being at the weir.
My Bawer, Baluet, with my Temperall,
As bene the vse of feastis funerall.

This beand done, I pray you take the paine,
My Epitaph to wyte vpon this wayes,
Aboue my graue in golden letters syne,
The maist inuincible weiriour here lyes,
During his time quhilk wan sic land & prais,
That throw the heauen sprang his noble fame,
Victorious William Meldrum was his Name.

Adiew my Lords I may na langer tary,
My Lord Lindefay adiew aboue ane vther:
I pray to God, and to the Virgine Mary,
With your Ladie to line lang in the Struther.
Maister Patrik W yong Normand your brother,
With my Ladies your sisters all adiew,
Ans fa fairwel I may not tary now.

Bot maist of all the fair Ladies of France,
Quhen they hear tel but dout that I am dead.
Extreme dolour wil change their countenance
Quhen thir nouelles does into England spred,
And for my sake will wear the murning weid
Of London then the lustie Ladies cleir,
Will for my sake make dule and drieve cheir.

Of Craigfergus my dayes darling adiew,
In all Ireland of feminine the flour,
In your querrell twa men of wer I slew,
Quhilk purposed to do you dishonour,
He could haue bene my spouse and paramour,
With rent and riches for my recompence,
Quhilk I refused throw youth and insolence.

Fairwelly: Lemant Lampis of lustines,
Of fair Scotland adiew my Ladies all:

During

The Squyer of the Rynnes.

During my tyme with ardent busines,
He know how I roas in your seruice thall,
For thousand tynes adew about them all.
Searce of Searche was my Ladie Soueraine,
For you I shed my blude with mekle paine.
Her wald my Ladie like at euen a morrow,
On my Legend, at lenth she wald not mis,
How for her sake I suffered mekle sorow.
Yet giue I might at this tyme get my wis,
Of her sweet mouth deare God I had aue kis.
I wish in vaine, alas, we will diuener,
I say na more, sweet heart adieu for euer.
Wethren in Armes adieu in generall,
For me I wait your hearts bene full soze:
All true companions into spectall,
I say to you adieu for euermore,
Till that we meet againe with God in gloze,
For Curat now giue me incontinent,
My Cryme with the holy Sacrament.
My Spirit heartlie I re commend
In manus tuas Domine,
My hope to thee is still ascend,
Rex quia redimisti me,
Frea sinis Resurrexisti me:
Wheke my soule had bene forloze,
With Sapience docuisti me,
Blest be the houre that thou was bozne.

